



Around the rest of that Representation, that was expected to the Publick in that late *Black-Procession*, on the solemnization of Queen *Elizabeth's* Birth-day, of ever blessed memory : There was a large Ocean, wherein were contained the more particular Influences of *Rome's* Hell-red Cruelty and Treachery in the sifting this Famous City, and the late Devilish *Sham-Plot*, whereby the Bloody *Papists* designed to divert the Storm, justly due to themselves, on the Innocent Heads of several Thousands of Loyal and Sincere *Protestants*.

The Cruel Business is prefac'd by the Grand Devil himself, as who should be the Captain of the Black Regiment of Hell; but the Hellish Prince. 'Twas the first Prologue for the intended Bloody *Tragedy*: for as the Devil is the Author, so he is the Manager, Finisher, and End of all their Mischievous Counsels and Practices.

The *First* is a *Stargazer*, who by an *Infallible Spi-Glass* has Intelligence from one of the Demons of the Air, *Belzebub* his great Master, holding an infernal Torch to his Eyes; that he may read the Fate of *Protestantism* in the Stars. And he gravely pronounces the certain Ruine thereof; and that to commence on the horrid Assassination of his Sacred Majesty. But the Cross-leg'd Skill of the *Geniſſ* *Conjurer* failed him; and the Event proved the Devil a Fool, and himself a lying silly *Aſſ-Struckee*.

Such *Proteplants* in Masquerading Cloaths,
Oh *British Land*, are thy most dangerous Foes.
They flab like *Joab* seeking to embrace,
And cut thy Throat a Smiling in thy Face.

Of the like Completion is the following Monster. And who, when the Meal-tub was impregnated with that curled forg'd Design, was preparing the World with a Scandalous Pamphlet to receive it and entertain it. The Man did acquit him self therein as a Man of Parts; for he did so surprize — If you ask what I mean by Surprize? I Answer, (as *cherfal Comedy*) *"Tis any thing that's bad."* 'Tis more especially rediculing the Plot Villifying the Kings Evidence, Squinting at Parliaments, biting at publick Justice. 'Tis in a word, Lying, Romancing, Hectoring, Huffing, Banting, Shamming, Equivocating, &c. But it did so surprize the Men of *Mode*, and *Protestants* of his

Kidney; that for a while, *Plagues* and *Romances* were laid aside;
 And *Lo! Stranges* Nations were prayed over, preach'd over,
 dream'd over, and what not? The Hair-brain'd Crew were
 running away with *Grace*, from the *South-Side* of the Lake *Le-*
man to the top of the Mount *Palatine* in *Rome*, and would per-
 suade the poor *Englishmen* they were in a Conspiracy to cut
 their own Throats: *Tenzer* being cast to a *Phrency* with such
Predigious Success; and the Noise that his *Crack-fert*
 made in the World, pour forth such a Storm of Answers, Vin-
 dications, Dialogues, Odes, Ballads, &c. So thick, that several
 thought *Hell* was turned to a *Printing-House*; and that the *Le-*
gions that enter'd the Swines of the *Gaderines* of old, were come
 to walk abroad the World again in Print. Yet notwithstanding
 these Turbels of Lies *Keizer* is still a true, true, true, true
 --- a true Subject (if you will believe him) a true Son of the
Church (viz. of *Rome*) and a true Friend to Parliaments: yet
 when his Friends came together, he would not venture their
 Friendships but thought it his wisest way to trundle to a more
 Friendly pair of Heels.

So *Roger's* gone with's Pen and ink and all.
'Tis thought the Man had poured forth all his Gall,
And went the Devil knows where, to gather more,
To pour it ten times faster than before.
Mean time like *Nero* he bemoans our Cross,
In such a valuable Fiddlers Loss.

But room, room, for Madam *Atropos* in Breeches, the Lady of the Burning Lake, the Catholick *Amazon*, who dare maintain the Cause against any Knight or Giant whatsoever. In one hand she holds a Heart torn with Malice, and environed with hissing Snakes. Well, she is to be pittied if we consider what Racks her Soul are stretch't upon, whilst her Heart frets with inward Rancour to observe, that the Confusion intended, has not yet broke on the Heads of those sad Hereticks ; with no less outrageous Blaphemy towards Heaven, who has took them into his special Protection. In the other Hand she holds a Bag of Mony. Her Ladyship well knowing, that notwithstanding her insipid withered Caresses and Imbraces ; 'tis Mony must profelute the Men of Air and Briskness, and 'tis Mony must carry them through the Mischief, that she and her curied Accomplices has cut out for them.

But *Catholic* Madam by your leave
 You'll make the *Catholic's* believe,
 The Cause is in a pittyous Sort,
 That Female Cruelty must it support.
 Would it were true, that now your State were done
 You'd surely be the last Whore of *Babylon*.

Next follows Mother Damnable her self, a Woman of Con-
duct she has been all her Life time, that could turn and wind
Intrigues to the best Advantage a long while for her Lust
lately for her Ambition too. The stories of *Pope Joan* and *Diana*
Olympia had so haunted her Mind, that she resolved to put in
for a third; therefore built her a Scaffold of Meal-Tubs, from
which she might look to the very middle of *Rome*, and get th-
ther at one Stride But that same Heretical thing called *Provi-*
dence, in that very nick, tumbles down her Pageant at a push-
and down comes my Madam with a Vengeance, and was forced to
run to her *Dear Rogue* for a more close and comfortable Importu-
nity. Yet she sets up again, and trades in Narratives, firing of Ships, &c.
For the first, she underwent the Discipline of Rotten Eggs and
Turnips, as 'tis hoped that the Event will prove, she was born
for the Gallows: it is thought the Design of Providence in suf-
fering the Monster to escape Justice for her former Villanies,
was to bring her by the *Pallory* to *Tiburn*, which she in vain
will wish to be her precious *Spaniard*.

So now let Female Devils incarnate rest
And learn to keep their Mallice in their Brest.
Of all their Plots this will the Issue be
To plot her self unto the Gallows Tree.

The next of that Bloody Tribe, is the Catholick quack that man of Doses, Potions, Receits, and Glisten-pipes. But of Receits, that of the 2000 £. in part, he reckoned the most effectual, which he effectually grasps in his left Hand. In his right, a Bottle; But Mum for that. The Man was cleared by that Justice that would not be curb'd by the Vulgar.

Yet the *Drug-Whiffer*, whilst that he staid here-
Presum'd that he was neither safe nor clear.

ENGLANDS MISERY



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